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THE GIFT OF
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A HANDBOOK FOR LATIN CLUBS

BY

SUSAN PAXSON

TEACHER OF LATIN IN THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
OMAHA, NEB.

D. C. HEATH & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
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PREFACE

THE Latin Club in secondary schools is the result of the incessant demand that our Latin instruction must be vivified. Many teachers feel the need of supplementary work in their Latin teaching, but they have been handicapped because of a lack of material as well as a lack of time. This is especially true of the teacher in the small town. To help meet this demand is the purpose of this book.

The programs have purposely been made too long for one session in order that the teacher may have some choice in selection, and that, in case all references are not accessible, enough may be secured to insure a reasonably varied program.

I would suggest that the Club purchase as many Perry pictures and Berlin photographs of classical subjects as possible and that its members coöperate with the city library board for the purchase of such books as are essential, in case there is no school fund available for this purpose. Some high school alumnus in whose heart there is appreciation of Rome's gift to us might present a book to his Alma Mater. Another might offer some suitable magazines, properly bound.

Of a Latin Club, as of most school work, it may be said that *usus est optimus magister*, and especially applicable in this connection are the words of Horace: *Dimidium facti, qui coepit.*

OMAHA, NEBRASKA,
June, 1916

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THE VALUE OF LATIN

"Latin is the most logically constructed of all the languages, and will help more effectually than any other study to strengthen the brain centres that must be used when any reasoning is required."

— Dr. FRANK SARGENT HOFFMAN

THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

Mosaics in History. Arthur Gilman. *Chautauqua.* Vol. ii, p. 317.

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What I have gained from the Study of Latin.

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Will Latin follow Greek out of the High School. Joseph P.

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POMPEII

"There is nothing on the earth, or under it, like Pompeii."

— W. D. HOWELLS

POEM.—Pompeii.

Poetical Works. Mrs. Sigourney. P. 270.

THE CITY OF POMPEII BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION.

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VESUVIUS, DESTROYER OF CITIES.

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THE INTERIOR OF A POMPEIAN HOUSE.

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Antonio Sogliano. *Cosmopolitan.* Vol. liii, p. 760.

POEM.—The Eruption of Vesuvius.

Poems. Victor Hugo. P. 112.

ANCIENT ROME

"Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien —
Rome, Rome! Thou art no more
As thou hast been."

— MRS. HEMANS

ROLL CALL.

Quotations referring to Rome from Byron's "Childe Harold"
or other poems.

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A Day in Ancient Rome. Edgar S. Shumway. P. 5.

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Vol. iv, p. 105.

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THE SKY SCRAPERS OF R
Rodolfo Lanciani. A

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POEM.—Nero's Incendiary S
Poems. Victor Hugo.

POEM.—*Urbs, Roma, Vale.*
Littell's Living Age. J.
p. 447.
Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ROMAN FORUM

"In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as if Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done its utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handiwork, not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple." — ROGERS

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE FORUM.

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Lanciani. P. 190.

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Roman Holidays and Others. W. D. Howells. P. 96.

POEM.—In the Roman Forum

Amelia Josephine Burr. *Literary Digest.* Vol. xlviii,
p. 1130.

THE ROMAN HOUSE

"Here is my religion, here is my race, here are the traces of my forefathers. I cannot express the charm which I find here, and which penetrates my heart and my senses." — CICERO: *Pro Domo*

THE PLAN OF THE ROMAN HOUSE.

Gallus. W. A. Becker. P. 237.

The Life of the Greeks and Romans. Guhl and Koner.
P. 357.

The Private Life of the Romans. H. W. Johnston. Chap. vi.
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THE HEATING AND LIGHTING OF THE HOUSE.

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A HAUNTED HOUSE. — C. Pliny. *Epist.* 7, 27, 5-11.

ROMAN SLAVES

"Is not a slave of the same stuff as you, his lord? Does he not enjoy the same sun, breathe the same air, die, even as you do? Then let your slave worship rather than dread you. Scorn not any man. The Universe is the common parent of us all." — SENECA

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Gallus. W. A. Becker. P. 200.

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IV. HOUSEHOLD SLAVE.

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V. AVES AS PHYSICIANS.

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TRIMALCHIO'S COOK.

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DIALOGUE.—A Slave Owner and His Slaves.

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ROMAN CHILDREN

"*Pueri mei sunt mea ornamenta.*" — CORNELIA

THE ROMAN CHILD.

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HIS PETS AND GAMES.

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ROMAN CHILDREN ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL.

Second Latin Book. Miller and Beeson. Introduction.

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POEM. — To Lesbia's Sparrow.

EDUCATION AMONG THE ROMANS

"Iam tristis nucibus puer relictis
Clamoso revocatur a magistro." — MARTIAL

ODE. — To a Schoolmaster.

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WAGES OF SCHOOLMASTERS IN ANCIENT ROME.

R. F. Leighton. *Education.* Vol. iv, p. 506.

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THE PUNISHMENT OF PUPILS.

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SOME COMMON PROFESSIONS AND TRADES AMONG THE ROMANS

"Rome had her great shopping district (mainly on streets leading into the Forum), and seemingly her 'department stores'; also her class of inveterate shoppers."

— *Readings in Ancient History.* William Stearns Davis, p. 225.

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Edmund Clarence Stedman. *Atlantic Monthly.* Vol. xix, p. 118.

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C. Pliny. *Epist.* i, 6. Translation in *Ancient Classics for English Readers.* Pliny. W. Lucas Collins. Chap. x, p. 124.

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"*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" — JUVENAL

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THE PUBLIC BATHS.

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THE ROMAN SOLDIER

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem
parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos."

— VERGIL. *Aeneid*, vi, 851 ff.

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Resolved that Caesar was justified in subduing Gaul.

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"The foremost man of all this world."

— SHAKESPEARE

THE BOYHOOD OF CAESAR.

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Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. Alfred J. Church.
Chap. viii.

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HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

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OUR ENGLISH FOREFATHERS AS DESCRIBED BY CAESAR.

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Julius Caesar. William Shakespeare. Act iii, scene i.

A NEW VERSION OF THE DEATH OF CAESAR.

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The Present Hour. Percy Mackaye. P. 35.

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CICERO

"Caesar alone excepted, no ancient Roman has been so widely, so continuously, and so intensely alive since his death, as has been Marcus Tullius Cicero." — WILKINSON

THE HOUSE WHERE CICERO WAS BORN.

Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. Alfred J. Church.
Chap. vi.

HIS FAVORITE HOUSE.

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Richard Wellington Husband. *Classical Weekly.* Vol. ix,
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"The noble sage who knew everything." — DANTE

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An Experiment with the Opening Lines of the Aeneid.

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Frank Justus Miller. *Chautauqua*. Vol. xxxiv, p. 368.

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"Exegi monumentum aere perennius
regalique situ pyramidum altius."

— HORACE. *Carmina.* III, xxx.

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AN INVITATION FROM HORACE TO VERGIL FOR DINNER.

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Louis Untermeyer. *Century Magazine.* Vol. lxiv, p. 960.

POEM. — Byron's Farewell to Horace.

Childe Harold. Byron. Canto iv, lxxvii.

ROMAN LITERATURE

"Haec studia adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas
res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi,
non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

— CICERO. *Pro Archia Poeta*, vii.

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enbos. P. 425.

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ODE TO APOLLO.

Complete Poetical Works. Keats. P. 7.

SOME FAMOUS WOMEN OF ANCIENT ROME

"A marked feature of the Roman character, a peculiarity which at once strikes the student of their history as compared with that of the Greeks was their great respect for the home and the *mater familias*."

— EUGENE HECKER

THE ROMAN MATRON.

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THE WOMEN OF CICERO'S TIME.

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THE WOMEN OF ULYSSES' TIME.

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LOLLIA PAULINA, A WOMAN OF WEALTH AND MISFORTUNE.

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LIVIA, THE POLITICIAN.

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JULIA, AUGUSTUS' DAUGHTER.

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Lanciani. P. 81.

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A ROMAN CITIZEN.

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ROMAN HOLIDAYS

"Januarias nobis felices multos annos!"

POEM.—January.

Henry W. Longfellow. *Chautauqua*. Vol. xviii, p. 506.

JANUS.

Chautauqua. Vol. xviii, p. 365.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ROME.

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A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Alfred Dommett.

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Carolyn Wells. *St. Nicholas*. Vol. xxvii, p. 154.

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THE LUPERCALIA.

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Christmas Throughout Christendom. O. M. Spencer.

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A ROMAN TRIUMPH.

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THE FLORALIA.

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POEM. — Holy-cross Day.

Robert Browning.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS AND BURIAL PLACES

"*Reddenda est terra terae.*"

THE ROMAN'S BELIEF CONCERNING DEATH.

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THE PREPARATION OF THE BODY FOR BURIAL.

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THE FUNERAL OF GALLUS.

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THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CAESAR.

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THE BURIAL PLACE OF AUGUSTUS.

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THE TOMB OF HADRIAN.

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THE TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

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Childe Harold. Lord Byron. Canto iv, xcix-civ.

THE TOMB OF MINICIA MARCELLA.¹

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THE BURIAL OF A YOUNG ROMAN GIRL.

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EPITAPH ON EROTON, six years of age.

Martial.

POEM. — Tartarus.

Complete Poetical Works. Oliver Wendell Holmes. P. 196.

¹ See Pliny's Letter on Minicia Marcella, p. 109.

ROMAN GAMES

"Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
Admonuit, fugio campum lusumque trigonem."

— HORACE

ROMAN GAMES

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THE GAMES OF THE AMPHITHEATER.

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A DAY OF SPORT IN THE CAMPUS MARTIUS.

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THE CHARIOT RACE.

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ANCIENT SPORTS IN ROME TO-DAY.

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"MORRA" ILLUSTRATED.

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SOME FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF ANCIENT ROME

"The world has nothing else like the Pantheon."

— HAWTHORNE

THE PANTHEON.

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LORD BYRON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PANTHEON.

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Childe Harold. Lord Byron. Canto iv, cxlvi.

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DICKENS' VISIT TO THE COLISEUM.

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p. 425.

THE COLISEUM, A FRAGMENT OF A ROMANCE.

The Prose Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Harry Buxton
Forman. Vol. iii, p. 27.

SOME FAMOUS ROMAN LETTERS

"The authors who have lived and written under an Italian sky, are reticent and shy in the foreign schoolroom. But if we transfer ourselves with them to the market and enter their families, then they grow confiding and social." — SHUMWAY

THE WRITING AND SENDING OF LETTERS.

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SOME ROMAN LETTERS FROM THE BIBLE.

Bible. Acts, Chap. xxiii, 25 ff.

Bible. Acts, Chap. xxvii.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY CICERO TO HIS WIFE.

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A LETTER WRITTEN BY CICERO DESCRIBING HIS RETURN FROM EXILE.

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A LETTER FROM PLINY THE YOUNGER TO TRAJAN, "ON THE CHRISTIANS."

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A LOVE LETTER FROM PLINY THE YOUNGER TO HIS WIFE.

Foreign Classics in English. William Cleaver Wilkinson.
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A FAMOUS LITERARY ANTIQUE. — The Letter of Consolation written by Servius Sulpicius to Cicero upon the death of Tullia.

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A LETTER BY CICERO DESCRIBING CAESAR'S VISIT AT CICERO'S HOME.

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Vol. iv, p. 244.

LETTER OF A SCHOOLBOY.

Source Book of Roman History. Dana C. Munro. P. 197.

SOME ANCIENT ROMANS OF FAME

"They were a great race, not unworthy of their fame,— those ancient Romans; and Alpine flowers of moral beauty bloomed amid the Alpine snow and ice of their austere pride." — WILKINSON, p. 274

ANCIENT NICKNAMES.

Ancient Nicknames. W. W. Story. *Chautauqua*. Vol. xi,
p. 241.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN CICERO AND ATTICUS

A Roman Holiday Twenty Centuries Ago. W. W. Story.
Atlantic Monthly. Vol. xliii, p. 273.

HORATIUS, THE PATRIOT.

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William Stearns Davis. P. 16.

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Ancient Rome, p. 31.

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POMPEY, FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

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A ROMAN BANQUET

"None of my friends shall in his cups talk treason."

—MARTIAL

ROMAN COOKERY.

The Old Romans at Home. Benson J. Lossing. *Harper's Magazine.* Vol. xlvi, p. 66.

The Private Life of the Romans. H. W. Johnston. Chap. viii.

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THE MEALS AND MENUS.

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MARTIAL'S PREPARATION FOR A BANQUET.

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ENTERTAINMENTS AT BANQUETS.

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TO THEOPOMPUS, A HANDSOME YOUTH BECOME A COOK.

The Epigrams of Martial. Book x: lxvi.

DIDO'S BANQUET.

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A BANQUET AT THE HOME OF LENTULUS.

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THE COST OF HIGH LIVING IN OLD ROME.

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AT TRIMALCHIO'S DINNER. (Petronius, Satire 41.)

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THE BILL OF FARE AT A BANQUET AT WHICH CAESAR SERVED.

Rome: The Eternal City. Clara Erskine Clement. Vol. ii,
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ROMAN ROADS

"Could the entire history of the construction of Roman military roads and highways be written, it would include romantic tales of hazard and adventure, of sacrifice and suffering, which would lend to the subject a dignity and effectiveness somewhat in keeping with their value to Rome and to the world." — CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT

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THE ROMAN AS A ROAD BUILDER.

The Roman Road Builders' Message to America. Archer B.
Hulbert. *Chautauqua.* Vol. xliii, p. 133.

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LUXURIES ENJOYED BY THE WEALTHY TRAVELER.

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SOME ROMAN GODS

“There are in Rome more gods than citizens.”

— FUSTEL DE COULANGES

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THE PAGAN ALTARS.

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HYMN TO APOLLO.

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SOME FAMOUS TEMPLES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME

"A vast wilderness of consecrated buildings of all shapes and fancies."

— DICKENS

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE TEMPLES.

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THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

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ST. PETER'S.

A Walk in Rome. Oscar Kuhns. *Chautauqua.* Vol. xxxiv, p. 57.

A Night in St. Peter's. T. Adolphus Trollope. *Atlantic Monthly.* Vol. xl, p. 409.

HAWTHORNE'S VISIT TO ST. PETER'S.

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DICKENS' IMPRESSIONS OF ROMAN CHURCHES.

Pictures from Italy. Charles Dickens. P. 133.

POEM.—Jupiter and His Children.

John G. Saxe.

SOME RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS

"In the house of every Greek and Roman was an altar; on this altar there had always to be a small quantity of ashes, and a few lighted coals. The fire ceased to glow upon the altar only when the entire family had perished; an extinguished hearth, an extinguished family, were synonymous expressions among the ancients." — DE COULANGES

THE PAGAN RELIGION.

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Rome: The Eternal City. Clara Erskine Clement. Vol. i,
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Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. *Lippincott's Magazine.*
Vol. lxxix, p. 528.

A ROMAN CITIZEN.

Bible. Acts, xxii, 25.

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SOME FAMOUS PICTURES AND SCULPTURE

Vita brevis, ars longa.

HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

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BYRON'S IMPRESSION OF THE LAOCOÖN.

Childe Harold: Canto iv, clx.

SHELLEY'S IMPRESSION OF THE LAOCOÖN.

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POEM.—ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

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THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES.

The Marble Faun. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Chap. i.

POEM.—A LIKENESS.

Willa S. Cather. *Literary Digest.* Vol. xlviii, p. 219.

ROMAN BOOKS AND LIBRARIES

Vita sine litteris mors est.

ROMAN BOOKS.

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Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. Rodolfo
Lanciani. Pp. 182, 199.

The Private Life of the Romans. H. W. Johnston.
P. 290.

CICERO'S LIBRARY.

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Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. Rodolfo
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ANCIENT MYTHS AND LEGENDS

“O antique fables! beautiful and bright,
And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;
O antique fables! for a little light
Of that which shineth in you evermore,
To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes
And bathe our old world with a new surprise
Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.

— JAMES THOMSON

SONG. — Hymn to the Dawn.

Dido: An Epic Tragedy. Miller and Nelson. P. 61.

THE RELATION OF THE CLASSIC MYTHS TO LITERATURE.

The Influence of the Classics on American Literature.

Paul Shorey. *Chautauqua.* Vol. xlivi, p. 121.

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Classic Myths in English Literature. C. M. Gayley. P. 431.

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Children's Classics in Dramatic Form. Augusta Stevenson.

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RECITATION. — Mangled Mythology.

Literary Digest. Vol. xxxix, p. 1110.

THE ANCIENT MYTH IN MODERN LITERATURE

"The debt of literature to the myth-makers of the Mediterranean has been an endless one starting at Mt. Olympus, and flowing down in fertilizing streams through all the literary ages." — JAMES A. HARRISON

ICARUS.

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ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.

Henry VIII. William Shakespeare. Act. iii, scene i.

IPHIGENIA AND AGAMEMNON.

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CERES.

Bliss Carman. *Literary Digest.* Vol. xlv, p. 347.

PERSEPHONE.

Poetical Works. Jean Ingelow. P. 181.

WHAT ENGLISH OWES TO GREEK

"We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Greece."

THE INFLUENCE OF GREEK ON ENGLISH.

The Iliad in Art. Eugene Parsons. *Chautauqua*. Vol. xvi.
p. 643.

The Greek in English. E. L. Miller. *School Review*.
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THE SOCIAL LIFE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

Edward Capps. *Chautauqua*. Vol. xxiv, p. 290.
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THE MODERN MAID OF ATHENS AND HER BROTHERS OF TO-DAY.

William E. Waters. *Chautauqua*. Vol. xvii, p. 259.

OUR POETS' DEBT TO HOMER.

English Poems on Greek Subjects. James Richard Joy.
Chautauqua. Vol. xvii, p. 271.

ATHENS AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

In and about Modern Athens. William E. Waters. *Chautauqua*. Vol. xvii, p. 131.
Skirting the Balkan Peninsula. Robert Hichens. *Century Magazine*. Vol. lxiv, p. 84.

GREECE REVISITED.

Martin L. D'Ooge. *Nation*. Vol. xcvi, p. 569.

THE INFLUENCE OF GREEK ARCHITECTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. H. Goodyear. *Chautauqua*. Vol. xvi, pp. 3, 131, 259.

MODERN ROME

"What shall I say of the modern city? Rome is yet the capital of the world."
— SHELLEY

POEM.—The Voices of Rome.

Poetical Works. Bayard Taylor. P. 202.

THE BEAUTY OF ROME.

Rome. Maurice Maeterlinck. *Critic.* Vol. xlvi, p. 362.

SHELLEY'S IMPRESSION OF ROME.

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A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSION OF ROME.

The Italians of To-day. René Bazin. P. 94.

POEM.—At Rome.

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THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IN ROME.

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THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY IN ROME.

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POEM.—The Grave of Keats.

The Poems of Oscar Wilde. Vol. ii, p. 5.

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Following the Tiber. *Lippincott's Magazine.* Vol. xv, p. 30.

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THE EXPENSE OF LIVING IN ROME.

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On Viol and Flute. Edmund W. Gosse. P. 53.

POEM.—What he saw in Europe.

Current Literature. Vol. xxxvi, p. 365.

POEM.—Rome Unvisited.

The Poems of Oscar Wilde. Vol. i, p. 64.

POEM.—Roman Girl's Song.

Poetical Works. Mrs. Hemans. P. 227.

ITALY OF TO-DAY

"No sudden goddess through the rushes glides,
No eager God among the laurels hides;
Jove's eagle mopes beside an empty throne,
Persephone and Ades sit alone
By Lethe's hollow shore."

— NORA HOPPER

SONNET.—ON APPROACHING ITALY.

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More Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Mary King Waddington. *Scribner's Magazine.* Vol. xxxvii, p. 204.

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Glimpses of School Life in Italy. Mary Sifton Pepper.

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POEM.—In Italy.

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LIFE IN MODERN ITALY.

In Italy. John H. Vincent. *Chautauqua.* Vol. xviii, p. 387.

Life in Modern Italy. Bella H. Stillman. *Chautauqua.* Vol. xi, p. 6.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

“The seeds of godlike power are in us still;
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will!”

— MATTHEW ARNOLD

POEM.—The Watch of the Old Gods.

POVERTY AMONG THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

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William Stearns Davis. P. 194.

THE CRAZE FOR AMUSEMENT AMONG THE AMERICANS.

What New York spends at the Theaters. *Literary Digest.*
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LUXURY AND EXTRAVAGANCE IN ANCIENT ROME. .

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Housekeeping on Half-a-million a Year. Emily Harington.

Everybody's. Vol. xiv, p. 497.

The Passing of the Idle Rich. Frederick Townsend Martin.

Chap. ii, p. 23.

POEM.—*Tempora Mutantur.*

Poetical Works. John G. Saxe. P. 98.

**SELECTIONS THAT M
FOR THE PRO**



A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS¹

A Boston gentleman declares,
By all the gods above, below,
That our degenerate sons and heirs
Must let their Greek and Latin go!
Forbid, O Fate, we loud implore,
A dispensation harsh as that;
What! wipe away the sweets of yore;
The dear “*amo, amas, amat?*”

The sweetest hour the student knows
Is not when poring over French,
Or twisted in Teutonic throes,
Upon a hard collegiate bench;
'Tis when on roots and kais and gars
He feeds his soul and feels it glow,
Or when his mind transcends the stars
With “*Zoa mou, sas agapo!*”

So give our bright, ambitious boys
An inkling of these pleasures, too —
A little smattering of the joys
Their dead and buried fathers knew;
And let them sing — while glorying that
Their sires so sang, long years ago —
The songs “*amo, amas, amat?*”
And “*Zoa mou, sas agapo!*”

— EUGENE FIELD

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ON AN OLD LATIN TEXT BOOK

I remember the very day when the schoolmaster gave it to me. . . . And I remember that the rather stern and aquiline face of our teacher relaxed into mildness for a moment. Both we and our books must have looked very fresh and new to him, though we may all be a little battered now; at least, my *New Latin Tutor* is. It is a very precious book, and it should be robed in choice Turkey morocco, were not the very covers too much a part of the association to be changed. For between them I gathered the seed-grain of many harvests of delight; through this low archway I first looked upon the immeasurable beauty of words. . . .

What liquid words were these: *aqua, aura, unda!* All English poetry that I had yet learned by heart — it is only children who learn by heart, grown people “commit to memory” — had not so awakened the vision of what literature might mean. Thenceforth all life became ideal. . . .

Then human passion, tender, faithful, immortal, came also by and beckoned. “But let me die,” she said. “Thus, thus it delights me to go under the shades.” Or that infinite tenderness, the stronger even for its opening moderation of utterance, the last sigh of Aeneas after Dido, —

Nec me meminisse pigebit Elissam
Dum memor ipse mili, dum spiritus hos regit artus. . . .

Or, with more definite and sublime grandeur, the vast forms of Roman statesmanship appear: “Today, Romans, you behold the commonwealth, the lives of you all, estates, fortunes, wives and children, and the seat of this most renowned empire, this most fortunate and beautiful city, preserved and restored to you by the distinguished love of the immortal gods, and by my toils, counsels, and dangers.”

What great thoughts were found within these pages, what a Roman vigor was in these maxims! “It is Roman to do and suffer

bravely." "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." "He that gives himself up to pleasure, is not worthy the name of a man." . . .

There was nothing harsh or stern in this book, no cynicism, no indifference; but it was a flower-garden of lovely out-door allusions, a gallery of great deeds; and as I have said before, it formed the child's first real glimpse into the kingdom of words.

I was once asked by a doctor of divinity, who was also the overseer of a college, whether I ever knew any one to look back with pleasure upon his early studies in Latin and Greek. It was like being asked if one looked back with pleasure on summer mornings and evenings. No doubt those languages, like all others, have fared hard at the hands of pedants; and there are active boys who hate all study, and others who love the natural sciences alone. Indeed, it is a hasty assumption, that the majority of boys hate Latin and Greek. I find that most college graduates, at least, retain some relish for the memory of such studies, even if they have utterly lost the power to masticate or digest them. "Though they speak no Greek, they love the sound on't." Many a respectable citizen still loves to look at his Horace or Virgil on the shelf where it has stood undisturbed for a dozen years; he looks, and thinks that he too lived in Arcadia. . . . The books link him with culture, and universities, and the traditions of great scholars.

On some stormy Sunday, he thinks, he will take them down. At length he tries it; he handles the volume awkwardly, as he does his infant; but it is something to be able to say that neither book nor baby has been actually dropped. He likes to know that there is a tie between him and each of these possessions, though he is willing, it must be owned, to leave the daily care of each in more familiar hands. . . .

I must honestly say that much of the modern outcry against classical studies seems to me to be (as in the case of good Dr. Jacob Bigelow) a frank hostility to literature itself, as the supposed rival of science; or a willingness (as in Professor Atkinson's

case) to tolerate modern literature, while discouraging the study of the ancient. Both seem to commit the error of drawing their examples of abuse from England, and applying their warnings to America. . . . Because the House of Commons was once said to care more for a false quantity in Latin verse than in English morals, shall we visit equal indignation on a House of Representatives that had to send for a classical dictionary to find out who Thersites was? . . .

Granted, that foreign systems of education may err by insisting on the arts of literary structure too much; think what we should lose by dwelling on them too little! The magic of mere words; the mission of language; the worth of form as well as of matter; the power to make a common thought immortal in a phrase, so that your fancy can no more detach the one from the other than it can separate the soul and body of a child; it was the veiled half revelation of these things that made that old text-book forever fragrant to me. There are in it the still visible traces of wild flowers which I used to press between the pages, on the way to school; but it was the pressed flowers of Latin poetry that were embalmed there first. These are blossoms that do not fade.

— THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

SAINT AUGUSTINE'S LOVE OF LATIN

Andrew Lang, in his *Adventures Among Books*, writes:

“Saint Augustine, like Sir Walter Scott at the University of Edinburgh, was ‘The Greek Dunce.’ Both of these great men, to their sorrow and loss, absolutely and totally declined to learn Greek. ‘But what the reason was why I hated the Greek language, while I was taught it, being a child, I do not yet understand.’ The Saint was far from being alone in that distaste, and he who writes loathed Greek like poison — till he came to Homer. Latin the Saint loved, except ‘when reading, writing, and casting of accounts was taught in Latin, which I held not far less pain-

ful or penal than the very Greek. I wept for Dido's death, who made herself away with the sword,' he declares, 'and even so, the saying that two and two makes four was an ungrateful song in mine ears, whereas the wooden horse full of armed men, the burning of Troy, and the very Ghost of Creusa, was a most delightful spectacle of vanity.'"

THE WATCH OF THE OLD GODS

Were the old gods watching yet,
From their cloudy summits afar,
At evening under the evening star,
After the star is set,
Would they see in these thronging streets,
Where the life of the city beats
With endless rush and strain,
Men of a better mold,
Nobler in heart and brain,
Than the men of three thousand years ago,
In the pagan cities old,
O'er which the lichens and ivy grow?

Would they not see as they saw
In the younger days of the race,
The dark results of broken law,
In the bent form and brutal face
Of the slave of passions as old as earth,
And young as the infants of last night's birth?
Alas! the old gods no longer keep
Their watch from the cloudy steep;
But, though all on Olympus lie dead
Yet the smoke of commerce still rolls
From the sacrifice of souls,
To the heaven that bends overhead.

OLD AND NEW ROME

Still, as we saunter down the crowded street,
On our own thoughts intent, and plans and pleasures,
For miles and miles beneath our idle feet,
Rome buries from the day yet unknown treasures.

The whole world's alphabet, in every line
Some stirring page of history she recalls, —
Her Alpha is the Prison Mamertine,
Her Omega, St. Paul's, without the walls.

Above, beneath, around, she weaves her spells,
And ruder hands unweave them all in vain:
Who once within her fascination dwells,
Leaves her with but one thought — to come again.

So cast thy obol into Trevi's fountain —
Drink of its waters, and, returning home,
Pray that by land or sea, by lake or mountain,
"All roads alike may lead at last to Rome."

— HERMAN MERIVALE

THE FALL OF ROME

Rome ruled in all her matchless pride,
Queen of the world, an empire-state;
Her eagles conquered far and wide;
Her word was law, her will was fate.

Within her immemorial walls
The temples of the gods looked down;
Her forum echoed with the calls
To greater conquest and renown.

All wealth, all splendor, and all might
The world could give, before her lay;
She dreamed not there could come a night
To dim the glory of her day.

Rome perished: Legions could not save,
Nor wealth, nor might, nor majesty, —
The Roman had become a slave,
But the barbarian was free.

— ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars —
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home:
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway:
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

SELECTIONS

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Falling through a half shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed — for naught
Told what was going on within:
How keen the stars, his only thought —
The air how calm, and cold and thin
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still — but knew not why,
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever —
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness — charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

— ALFRED DOMMETT

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG

Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou satt'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street,
Leaders and sceptred men
Bow'd at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
As gods were seen —
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise:
What hast thou left thee now? —
Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar,
With color'd light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress bough,
Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear,
While night, o'er tomb and shrine
Rests darkly clear.

SELECTIONS

Many a solemn hymn,
 By starlight sung,
 Sweeps through the arches dim,
 Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
 On thy soft air
 Lingers, and loves to dwell
 With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift
 Of sudden song —
 A charmed fountain, swift,
 Joyous and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
 With queenly tread;
 Thou hast proud fanes above
 Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
 A mournful mien:
 Rome, Rome! Thou art no more
 As thou hast been!

— MRS. HEMANS

CAPRI

Rising from the purpling water
 With her brow of stone,
 Sprite or nymph or Triton's daughter,
 Rising from the purpling water,
 Capri sits alone —

Sits and looks across the billow
 Now the day is done

Resting on her rocky pillow
Sits and looks across the billow
Toward the setting sun.

Misty visions trooping sadly
Glimmer through her tears,
Shapes of men contending madly,—
Misty visions trooping sadly
From the vanished years.

Here Tiberius from his palace
On the headland gray
Hurls his foes with gleeful malice,
Proud Tiberius at his palace
Murd'ring men for play.

There Lamarque's recruits advancing
Scale yon rocky spot,
'Neath the moon their bright steel glancing,
See Lamarque's recruits advancing
Through a storm of shot.

But today the goat bells' tinkle
And the vespers chime,
Vineyards shade each rock-hewn wrinkle,
And today the goat bells' tinkle
Marks a happier time.

Soft the olive groves are gleaming,
War has found surcease,
And as Capri sits a-dreaming
Soft the olive groves are gleaming,
Crowning her with peace.

— WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

PALLADIUM

Set where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not — but there it stood!

It stood, and sun and moonshine rain'd their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall.
Backward and forward rolled the waves of fight
Round Troy, — but while this stood, Troy could not fall.

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare!

Men will renew the battle in the plain
Tomorrow; red with blood will Xanthus be;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the wall to see.

Then we shall rust in shade, or shine in strife,
And fluctuate 'twixt blind hopes and blind despairs,
And fancy that we put forth all our life,
And never know how with the soul it fares.

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send;
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die,
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

— MATTHEW ARNOLD

AFTER CONSTRUING

Lord Caesar, when you sternly wrote
The story of your grim campaigns
And watched the ragged smoke-wreath float
Above the burning plains,

Amid the impenetrable wood,
Amid the camp's incessant hum
At eve, beside the tumbling flood,
In high Avaricum,

You little recked, imperious head,
When shrilled your shattering trumpets' noise,
Your frigid sections would be read
By bright-eyed English boys.

Ah me! Who penetrates today
The secret of your deep designs?
Your sovereign visions, as you lay
Amid the sleeping lines?

The Mantuan singer pleading stands;
From century to century
He leans and reaches wistful hands,
And cannot bear to die.

But you are silent, secret; proud,
No smile upon your haggard face,
As when you eyed the murderous crowd
Beside the statue's base.

I marvel: That Titanic heart
Beats strongly through the arid page,
And we, self-conscious sons of art,
In this bewildering age,

Like dizzy revellers stumbling out
Upon the pure and peaceful night,
Are sobered into troubled doubt,
As swims across our sight,

The ray of that sequestered sun,
Far in the illimitable blue, —
The dream of all you left undone,
Of all you dared to do.

— ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

A ROMAN MIRROR

They found it in her hollow marble bed,
There where the numberless dead cities sleep,
They found it lying where the spade struck deep
A broken mirror by a maiden dead.

These things — the beads she wore about her throat,
Alternate blue and amber, all untied,
A lamp to light her way, and on one side
The toll men pay to that strange ferry-boat.

No trace today of what in her was fair!
Only the record of long years grown green
Upon the mirror's lustreless dead sheen,
Grown dim at last, when all else withered there

Dead, broken, lustreless! It keeps for me
One picture of that immemorial land,
For oft as I have held thee in my hand
The chill bronze brightens, and I dream to see

A fair face gazing in thee wondering wise
And o'er one marble shoulder all the while

Strange lips that whisper till her own lips smile
And all the mirror laughs about her eyes.

It was well thought to set thee there, so she
Might smooth the windy ripples of her hair
And knot their tangled waywardness or ere
She stood before the queen Persephone.

And still it may be where the dead folk rest
She holds a shadowy mirror to her eyes,
And looks upon the changelessness, and sighs
And sets the dead land lilies in her hand.

— RENNELL RODD

THE DOOM OF THE SLOTHFUL

When through the dolorous city of damned souls
The Florentine with Vergil took his way,
A dismal marsh they passed, whose fetid shoals
Held sinners by the myriad. Swollen and grey,
Like worms that fester in the foul decay
Of sweltering carrion, these bad spirits sank
Chin-deep in stagnant slime and ooze that stank.

Year after year forever — year by year,
Through billions of the centuries that lie
Like specks of dust upon the dateless sphere
Of heaven's eternity, they cankering sigh
Between the black waves and the starless sky;
And daily dying have no hope to gain
By death or change or respite of their pain.

What was their crime, you ask? Nay, listen: "We
Were sullen — sad what time we drank the light
And delicate air, that all day daintily
Is cheered by sunshine; for we bore black night

And murky smoke of sloth, in God's despite,
 Within our barren souls, by discontent
 From joy of all fair things and wholesome pent:

Therefore in this low Hell from jocund sight
 And sound He bans us; and as there we grew
 Pallid with idleness, so here a blight
 Perpetual rots with slow-corroding dew
 Our poisonous carcase, and a livid hue
 Corpse-like o'erspreads these sodden limbs that take
 And yield corruption to the loathly lake."

— JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

Andromache

Will Hector leave me for the fatal plain,
 Where, fierce with vengeance for Patroclus slain,
 Stalks Peleus' ruthless son?
 Who, when thou glid'st amid the dark abodes,
 To hurl the spear and to revere the gods,
 Shall teach thine Orphan One?

Hector

Woman and wife beloved — cease thy tears;
 My soul is nerved — the war-clang in my ears!
 Be mine in life to stand
 Troy's bulwark! — fighting for our hearths, to go
 In death, exulting to the streams below,
 Slain for my father-land!

Andromache

No more I hear thy martial footsteps fall —
Thine arms shall hang, dull trophies, on the wall —
Fallen the stem of Troy!
Thou go'st where slow Cocytus wanders — where
Love sinks in Lethe, and the sunless air
Is dark to light and joy!

Hector

Longing and thought — yea, all I feel and think
May in the silent sloth of Lethe sink,
But my love not!
Hark, the wild swarm is at the walls! I hear!
Gird on my sword — Belov'd one, dry the tear —
Lethe for love is not!

— SCHILLER

ENCELADUS

Under Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
“Tomorrow, perhaps today,
Enceladus will arise!”

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, “At length!”

Ah me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!
’Tis the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines,
Of Alps and of Apennines,
“Enceladus, arise!”

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

NIL ADMIRARI

When Horace in Venusian groves
Was scribbling wit or sipping "Massic,"
Or singing those delicious loves
Which after ages reckon classic,
He wrote one day — 'twas no vagary —
These famous words: — *Nil admirari!*

"Wonder at nothing!" said the bard;
A kingdom's fall, a nation's rising,
A lucky or a losing card,
Are really not at all surprising;
However men or manners vary,
Keep cool and calm: *Nil admirari!*

If kindness meet a cold return;
If friendship prove a dear delusion;
If love, neglected, cease to burn,
Or die untimely of profusion, —
Such lessons well may make us wary,
But needn't shock: *Nil admirari!*

Ah! when the happy day we reach
When promisers are ne'er deceivers;
When parsons practice what they preach,
And seeming saints are all believers,
Then the old maxim you may vary,
And say no more, *Nil admirari!*

— JOHN G. SAXE

PERDIDI DIEM

The Emperor Titus, at the close of a day in which he had neither gained any knowledge nor conferred benefit, was accustomed to exclaim, "Perdidi diem," "I have lost a day."

Why art thou sad, thou of the sceptred hand?
The rob'd in purple, and the high in state?
Rome pours her myriads forth, a vassal band,
And foreign powers are crouching at thy gate;
Yet dost thou deeply sigh, as if oppressed by fate.

"*Perdidi diem!*" — Pour the empire's treasure,
Uncounted gold, and gems of rainbow dye;
Unlock the fountains of a monarch's pleasure
To lure the lost one back. I heard a sigh —
One hour of parted time, a world is poor to buy.

"*Perdidi diem!*" — 'Tis a mournful story,
Thus in the ear of pensive eve to tell,
Of morning's firm resolves, the vanish'd glory,
Hope's honey left within the withering bell
And plants of mercy dead, that might have bloomed so well.

Hail, self-communing Emperor, nobly wise!
There are, who thoughtless haste to life's last goal.
There are, who time's long squandered wealth despise.
Perdidi vitam marks their finished scroll,
When Death's dark angel comes to claim the startled soul.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

JUPITER AND HIS CHILDREN

A CLASSIC FABLE

Once, on sublime Olympus, when
Great Jove, the sire of gods and men,
Was looking down on this our Earth,
And marking the increasing dearth
Of pious deeds and noble lives,
While vice abounds and meanness thrives, —
He straight determined to efface
At one fell swoop the thankless race
Of human kind. “Go!” said the King
Unto his messenger, “and bring
The vengeful Furies; be it theirs,
Unmindful of their tears and prayers,
These wretches, — hateful from their birth, —
To wipe from off the face of earth!”
The message heard, with torch of flame
And reeking sword, Alecto came,
And by the beard of Pluto swore
The human race should be no more!
But Jove, relenting thus to see
The direst of the murderous three,
And hear her menace, bade her go
Back to the murky realms below.
“Be mine the cruel task!” he said,
And, at a word, a bolt he sped,
Which, falling in a desert place,
Left all unhurt the human race!
Grown bold and bolder, wicked men
Wax worse and worse, until again
The stench to high Olympus came,
And all the gods began to blame
The monarch’s weak indulgence, — *they*

Would crush the knaves without delay!

At this, the ruler of the air
Proceeds a tempest to prepare,
Which, dark and dire, he swiftly hurled
In raging fury on the world!
But not where human beings dwell
(So Jove provides) the tempest fell.
And still the sin and wickedness
Of men grew more, instead of less:
Whereat the gods declare, at length,
For thunder bolts of greater strength
Which Vulcan soon, at Jove's command,
Wrought in his forge with dexterous hand.
Now from the smithy's glowing flame
Two different sorts of weapons came:
To *hit* the mark was one designed;
As sure to *miss*, the other kind.
The second sort the Thunderer threw,
Which not a human being slew;
But roaring loudly, hurtled wide
On forest-top and mountain-side!

MORAL

What means this ancient tale? That *Jove*
In wrath still felt a parent's love:
Whatever crimes he may have done,
The father yearns to spare the son.

— JOHN G. SAXE

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES

Socrates

Ere we leave this friendly sky,
And cool Ilyssus flowing by,
Change the shrill cicala's song
For the clamor of the throng,
Let us make a parting prayer
To the gods of earth and air.

Phaedrus

My wish, O Friend, accords with thine,
Say thou the prayer, it shall be mine.

Socrates

This then, I ask, O thou beloved Pan,
And all ye other gods: Help, as ye can,
That I may prosper in the inner man;

Grant ye that what I have or yet may win
Of those the outer things may be akin
And constantly at peace within;

May I regard the wise the rich, and care
Myself for no more gold, as my earth-share,
Than he who's of an honest heart can bear.

— JOHN H. FINLEY

BY THE ROMAN ROAD

"Poetry and paganism do not mix very well nowadays. The Hellenism of our versifiers is, as a rule, not Greek; it is derived partly from Swinburne and partly from Pater. But now and then there comes a poet who has real appreciation of the beauty of classic days; who can express sincerely and vividly the haunting charm of Greek or Roman culture. Such an one is the anonymous writer of these lines, which appeared in the London *Punch*."

The wind it sang in the pine-tops, it sang like a humming harp;
The smell of the sun on the bracken was wonderful sweet and sharp.
As sharp as the piney needles, as sweet as the gods were good,
For the wind it sung of the old gods, as I came through the wood!
It sung how long ago the Romans made a road,
And the gods came up from Italy and found them an abode.

It sang of the wayside altars (the pine-tops sighed like the surf),
Of little shrines uplifted, of stone and scented turf,
Of youths divine and immortal, of maids as white as the snow
That glimmered among the thickets a mort of years ago!
All in the cool of dawn, all in the twilight gray,
The gods came up from Italy along the Roman way.

The altar smoke it has drifted and faded afar on the hill;
No wood-nymphs haunt the hollows; the reedy pipes are still;
No more the youth Apollo shall walk in his sunshine clear;
No more the maid Diana shall follow the fallow-deer
(The woodmen grew so wise, the woodmen grew so old,
The gods went back to Italy — or so the story's told!).

But the woods are full of voices and of shy and secret things
The badger down by the brook-side, the flick of a woodcock's wings,
The plump of a falling fir-cone, the pop of the sunripe pods,
And the wind that sings in the pine-tops the song of the ancient
gods —
The song of the wind that says the Romans made a road,
And the gods came up from Italy and found them an abode!

A NYMPH'S LAMENT

O Sister Nymphs, how shall we dance or sing
Remembering
What was and is not? How sing any more
Now Aphrodite's rosy reign is o'er?
For on the forest-floor
Our feet fall wearily the summer long,
The whole year long:
No sudden goddess through the rushes glides,
No eager God among the laurels hides;
Jove's eagle mopes beside an empty throne,
Persephone and Ades sit alone,
By Lethe's hollow shore.
And hear not any more
Echoed from poplar-tree to poplar-tree,
The voice of Orpheus making sweetest moan
For lost Eurydice.
The Fates walk all alone
In empty kingdoms, where is none to fear
Shaking of any spear.
Even the ghosts are gone
From lightless fields of mint and euphrasy:
There sings no wind in any willow-tree,
And shadowy flute-girls wander listlessly
Down to the shore where Charon's empty boat,
As shadowed swan doth float,
Rides all as listlessly, with none to steer.
A shrunken stream is Lethe's water wan
Unsought of any man:
Grass Ceres sowed by alien hands is mown,
And now she seeks Persephone alone.
The gods have all gone up Olympus' hill,
And all the songs are still

Of grieving Dryads, left
To wail about our woodland ways, bereft,
The endless summertide.
Queen Venus draws aside
And passes, sighing, up Olympus' hill.
And silence holds her Cyprian bowers, and claims
Her flowers, and quenches all her altar-flames,
And strikes dumb in their throats
Her doves' complaining notes:
And sorrow
Sits crowned upon her seat: nor any morrow
Hears the Loves laughing round her golden chair.
(Alas, thy golden seat, thine empty seat!)
Nor any evening sees beneath her feet
The daisy rosier flush, the maidenhair
And scentless crocus borrow
From rose and hyacinth their savour sweet.
Without thee is no sweetness in the morn,
The morn that was fulfilled of mystery,
It lies like a void shell, desiring thee,
O daughter of the water and the dawn,
Anadyomene!
There is no gold upon the bearded corn,
No blossom on the thorn;
And in wet brakes the Oreads hide, forlorn
Of every grace once theirs: no Faun will follow
By herne or hollow
Their feet in the windy morn.

Let us all cry together "Cynthia!"
Lock hands and cry together: it may be
That she will heed and hear
And come from the waste places of the sea,
Leaving old Proteus all discomfited,
To cast down from his head

Its crown of nameless jewels, to be hurled
In ruins, with the ruined royalty
Of an old world.

The Nereids seek thee in the salt sea-reaches,
Seek thee; and seek, and seek, and never find:
Canst thou not hear their calling on the wind?
We nymphs go wandering under pines and beeches,
And far — and far behind
We hear Paris' piping blown
After us, calling thee and making moan
(For all the leaves that have no strength to cry,
The young leaves and the dry),
Desiring thee to bless these woods again,
Making most heavy moan
For withered myrtle-flowers,
For all thy Paphian bowers
Empty and sad beneath a setting sun;
For dear days done!

The Naiads splash in the blue forest-pools —
“Idalia — Idalia!” they cry.
“On Ida’s hill,
With flutings faint and shrill, —
On Ida’s hill the shepherds vainly try
Their songs, and coldly stand their damsels by,
Whatever tunes they try;
For beauty is not, and Love may not be,
On land or sea —
Oh, not in earth or heaven, on land or sea,
While darkness holdeth thee.”
The Naiads weep beside their forest-pools,
And from the oaks a hundred voices call,
“Come back to us, O thou desired of all!
Elsewhere the air is sultry: here it cools
And full it is of pine scents: here is still

The world-pain that has driven from Ida's hill
 Thine unreturning feet.

Alas! the days so fleet that were, and sweet,
 When kind thou wert, and dear,
 And all the loves dwelt here!
 Alas! thy giftless hands, thy wandering feet!
 Oh, here for Pithys' sake the air is sweet
 And here snow falls not, neither burns the sun
 Nor any winds make moan for dear days done.
 Come, then: the woods are emptied all of glee,
 And all the world is sad, desiring thee!"

— NORA HOPPER

HELEN OF TROY

I am that Helen, that very Helen
 Of Leda, born in the days of old:
 Men's hearts as inns that I might dwell in:
 Houseless I wander to-night, and cold.

Because man loved me, no God takes pity:
 My ghost goes wailing where I was Queen!
 Alas! my chamber in Troy's tall city,
 My golden couches, my hangings green!

Wasted with fire are the halls they built me,
 And sown with salt are the streets I trod,
 Where flowers they scattered and spices spilt me —
 Alas, that Zeus is a jealous God!

Softly I went on my sandals golden;
 Of love and pleasure I took my fill;
 With Paris' kisses my lips were holden,
 Nor guessed I, when life went at my will,
 That the fates behind me went softlier still.

— NORA HOPPER

AN ETRUSCAN RING

Where, girt with orchard and with oliveyard,
The white hill-fortress glimmers on the hill,
Day after day an ancient goldsmith's skill
 Guided the copper graver, tempered hard
By some lost secret, while he shaped the sard
Slowly to beauty, and his tiny drill,
Edged with corundum, ground its way until
 The gem lay perfect for the ring to guard.

Then seeing the stone complete to his desire,
With mystic imagery carven thus,
And dark Egyptian symbols fabulous,
He drew through it the delicate golden wire,
And bent the fastening; and the Etrurian sun
Sank behind Ilva, and the work was done.

What dark-haired daughter of a Lucumo
Bore on her slim white finger to the grave
This the first gift her Tyrrhene lover gave,
 Those five-and-twenty centuries ago?
What shadowy dreams might haunt it, lying low
So long, while kings and armies, wave on wave,
Above the rock-tomb's buried architrave
 Went trampling million-footed to and fro?

Who knows? but well it is so frail a thing,
Unharmed by conquering Time's supremacy,
Still should be fair, though scarce less old than Rome.
Now once again at rest from wandering
Across the high Alps and the dreadful sea,
In utmost England let it find a home.

— J. W. MACKAIL

SELECTIONS

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung: as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep or hearing, die.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE

Of Neptune's empire let us sing
At whose command the waves obey;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding:
 To whom the scaly nation yields
 Homage for the crystal fields
 Wherein they dwell:
And every sea-god pays a gem
 Yearly out of his wat'ry cell
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring
Before his palace gates do make
 The waters with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding:
 The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,

And the sirens, taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise
The praise of Neptune's empery.

— THOMAS CAMPION

HORACE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

BOOK II, ODE 16 (In part, only)

He lives on little, and is blest,
On whose plain board the bright
Salt-cellar shines, which was his sire's delight,
Nor terrors, nor cupidity's unrest,
Disturb his slumbers light.

Why should we still project and plan,
We creatures of an hour?
Why fly from clime to clime, new regions scour?
Where is the exile, who, since time began,
To fly from self had power?

Fell care climbs brazen galley's sides;
Nor troops of horse can fly
Her foot, which than the stag's is swifter, ay,
Swifter than Eurus when he madly rides
The clouds along the sky.

Careless what lies beyond to know,
And turning to the best,
The present, meet life's bitters with a jest,
And smile them down; since nothing here below
Is altogether blest.

In manhood's prime Achilles died,
 Tithonus by the slow
 Decay of age was wasted to a show,
 And Time may what it hath to thee denied
 On me perchance bestow.

To me a farm of modest size,
 And slender vein of song,
 Such as in Greece flowed vigorous and strong,
 Kind fate hath given, and spirit to despise
 The base, malignant throng.

— SIR THEODORE MARTIN

AN INVITATION TO DINE WRITTEN BY HORACE TO VIRGIL

Book IV, ODE 12

Yes, a small box of nard from the stores of Sulpicius¹
 A cask shall elicit, of potency rare
 To endow with fresh hopes, dewy-bright and delicious,
 And wash from our hearts every cobweb of care.

If you'd dip in such joys, come — the better the quicker! —
 But remember the fee — for it suits not my ends,
 To let you make havoc, scot-free, with my liquor,
 As though I were one of your heavy-pursed friends.

To the winds with base lucre and pale melancholy! —
 In the flames of the pyre these, alas! will be vain,
 Mix your sage ruminations with glimpses of folly, —
 'Tis delightful at times to be somewhat insane.

— SIR THEODORE MARTIN

¹ Virgil must bring some rare perfume in exchange for the rich wine, since Horace thus playfully conditions his invitation.

THE GOLDEN MEAN

HORACE. BOOK II, ODE 10

Receive, dear friends, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse Fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean
And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
 And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
 Expect a brighter sky.

The god that strings a silver bow
 Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen:
 But O! if Fortune fill thy sail
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvas in.

— WILLIAM COWPER

TO THE READER

MARTIAL

He unto whom thou art so partial,
 O reader, is the well-known Martial,
 The Epigrammatist: while living,
 Give him the fame thou wouldest be giving
 So shall he hear, and feel, and know it:
 Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

—LORD BYRON

ON PORTIA

MARTIAL. BOOK I, xlii

When the sad tale, how Brutus fell, was brought,
 And slaves refused the weapon Portia sought;
 “Know ye not yet,” she said, with towering pride,
 “Death is a boon that cannot be denied?
 I thought my father amply had imprest
 This simple truth upon each Roman breast.”
 Dauntless she gulph’d the embers as they flamed
 And, while their heat within her raged, exclaim’d
 “Now, troublous guardians of a life abhorr’d,
 Still urge your caution, and refuse the sword.”

— GEORGE LAMB

TO POTITUS

MARTIAL. BOOK X, lxx

That scarce a piece I publish in a year,
Idle perhaps to you I may appear.
But rather, that I write at all, admire,
When I am often robbed of days entire.
Now with my friends the evening I must spend:
To those preferred my compliments must send.
Now at the witnessing a will make one:
Hurried from this to that, my morning's gone.
Some office must attend; or else some ball;
Or else my lawyer's summons to the hall.
Now a rehearsal, now a concert hear;
And now a Latin play at Westminster.
Home after ten return, quite tir'd and dos'd.
When is the piece, you want, to be compos'd?

— JOHN HAY

WHAT IS GIVEN TO FRIENDS IS NOT
LOST

MARTIAL

Your slave will with your gold abscond,
The fire your home lay low,
Your debtor will disown his bond
 Your farm no crops bestow;
Your steward a mistress frail shall cheat;
Your freighted ship the storms will beat;
That only from mischance you'll save,
 Which to your friends is given;
The only wealth you'll always have
 Is that you've lent to heaven.

— *English Journal of Education*,
Jan., 1856

TO COTILUS

MARTIAL

They tell me, Cotilus, that you're a beau:
What this is, Cotilus, I wish to know.
“A beau is one who, with the nicest care,
In parted locks divides his curling hair;
One who with balm and cinnamon smells sweet,
Whose humming lips some Spanish air repeat;
Whose naked arms are smoothed with pumice-stone,
And tossed about with graces all his own:
A beau is one who takes his constant seat
From morn till evening, where the ladies meet;
And ever, on some sofa hovering near,
Whispers some nothing in some fair one's ear;
Who scribbles thousand billets-doux a day;
Still reads and scribbles, reads, and sends away;
A beau is one who shrinks, if nearly pressed
By the coarse garment of a neighbor guest;
Who knows who flirts with whom, and still is found
At each good table in successive round:
A beau is one — none better knows than he
A race-horse, and his noble pedigree” —
Indeed? Why Cotilus, if this be so,
What teasing trifling thing is called a beau!

— ELTON

THE HAPPY LIFE

MARTIAL

To Julius Martialis

The things that make a life to please,
(Sweetest Martial), they are these:
Estate inherited, not got:

A thankful field, hearth always hot:
City seldom, law-suits never:
Equal friends, agreeing forever:
Health of body, peace of mind:
Sleeps that till the morning bind:
Wise simplicity, plain fare:
Not drunken nights, yet loos'd from care:
A sober, not a sullen spouse:
Clean strength, not such as his that plows;
Wish only what thou art, to be;
Death neither wish, nor fear to see.

— SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

TO A SCHOOLMASTER

MARTIAL. Book X, lxii

Thou monarch of eight parts of speech,
Who sweep'st with birch a youngster's breech,
Oh! now awhile withhold your hand!
So may the trembling crop-hair'd band
Around your desk attentive hear,
And pay you love instead of fear;
So may yours ever be as full,
As writing or as dancing school.
The scorching dog-day is begun;
The harvest roasting in the sun;
Each Bridewell keeper, though requir'd
To use the lash, is too much tir'd.
Let ferula and rod together
Lie dormant, till the frosty weather.
Boys do improve enough in reason,
Who miss a fever in this season.

— JOHN HAY

EPITAPH ON EROTION

MARTIAL. BOOK X, lxi

Underneath this greedy stone,
 Lies little sweet Eroton;¹
 Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
 Nipp'd away at six years old.
 Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
 That hast this small field after me,
 Let the yearly rites be paid
 To her little slender shade;
 So shall no disease or jar
 Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
 But this tomb be here alone
 The only melancholy stone.

— LEIGH HUNT

NON AMO TE

MARTIAL. I, 32

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare:
 Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.²

¹ A little girl who died at six years of age.

² This well known epigram is the original of one equally famous in English, that written by Tom Brown on Dr. John Fell, about 1670.

“I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.
 The reason why I cannot tell;
 But this I know and know full well
 I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.”

GRATITUDE

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat
And sae the Lord be thanket.

— BURNS

TRANSLATION

Sunt quibus est panis nec amor
tamen ullus edendi:
Sunt quibus hic amor est deest
tamen ipse cibus.
Panis at est nobis et amor quoque
panis edendi
Pro quibus est Domino gratia
habenda Deo.

— *The Lawrence Latinist*

A HYMN TO THE LARES

It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest parsley,
And garlick chives not scarcely;
For favors here to warme me,
And not by fire to harme me;
For gladding so my hearth here,
With inoffensive mirth here;
That while the wassaile bowle here
With North-down ale doth troule here,
No sillable doth fall here,
To marre the mirth at all here.
For which, O chimney-keepers!
(I dare not call ye sweepers)
So long as I am able
To keep a country-table

Great be my fare, or small cheere,
I'll eat and drink up all here.

— ROBERT HERRICK

ELYSIUM

Past the despairing wail —
And the bright banquets of the Elysian Vale
Melt every care away!
Delight, that breathes and moves forever,
Glides through sweet fields like some sweet river!
Elysian life survey!
There, fresh with youth, o'er jocund meads,
His merry west-winds blithely leads
The ever-blooming May!
Through gold-woven dreams goes the dance of the Hours,
In space without bounds swell the soul and its powers,
And Truth, with no veil, gives her face to the day.
And joy today and joy tomorrow
But wafts the airy soul aloft;
The very name is lost to Sorrow,
And Pain is Rapture tuned more exquisitely soft.
Here the Pilgrim reposes the world-weary limb,
And forgets in the shadow, cool-breathing and dim,
The load he shall bear never more;
Here the mower, his sickle at rest, by the streams
Lull'd with harp strings, reviews, in the calm of his dreams
The fields, when the harvest is o'er.
Here, He, whose ears drank in the battle roar,
Whose banners streamed upon the startled wind
A thunder-storm, — before whose thunder tread
The mountains trembled, — in soft sleep reclined,
By the sweet brook that o'er its pebbly bed
In silver plays, and murmurs to the shore,
Hears the stern clangour of wild spears no more.

— SCHILLER

ORPHEUS

Orpheus he went (as poets tell)
To fetch Euridice from hell;
And had her; but it was upon
This short, but strict, condition:
Backward he should not looke while he
Led her through hell's obscuritie.
But ah! it happened as he made
His passage through that dreadful shade,
Revolve he did his loving eye,
For gentle feare, or jelousie,
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Euridice forever.

— ROBERT HERRICK

CERBERUS

Dear Reader, should you chance to go
To Hades, do not fail to throw
A "Sop to Cerberus" at the gate,
His anger to propitiate.
Don't say "Good dog!" and hope thereby
His three fierce Heads to pacify.
What though he try to be polite
And wag his tail with all his might,
How shall one amiable Tail
Against three angry Heads prevail?
The Heads *must* win. — What puzzles me
Is why in Hades there should be
A watchdog; 'tis, I should surmise,
The *last* place one would burglarize.

— OLIVER HERFORD

THE HARPY

They certainly contrived to raise
 Querer ladies in the olden days.
 Either the type had not been fixed,
 Or else Zoölogy got mixed.
 I envy not primeval man
 This female on the feathered plan.
 We only have, I'm glad to say,
 Two kinds of human birds today —
 Women and warriors, who still
 Wear feathers when dressed up to kill.

— OLIVER HERFORD

CUPID AND THE BEE

ANACREON¹

Young Cupid once a rose caressed,
 And sportively its leaflets pressed.
 The witching thing, so fair to view
 One could not but believe it true,
 Warmed, on its bosom false, a bee,
 Which stung the boy-god in his glee.
 Sobbing, he raised his pinions bright,
 And flew unto the isle of light,
 Where, in her beauty, myrtle-crowned,
 The Paphian goddess sat enthroned.
 Her Cupid sought, and to her breast
 His wounded finger, weeping, pressed.
 “O mother! kiss me,” was his cry —
 “O mother! save me, or I die;
 A winged little snake or bee
 With cruel sting has wounded me!”

¹ Anacreon was a Greek society poet, living in the sixth century B.C.

The blooming goddess in her arms
Folded and kissed his budding charms;
To her soft bosom pressed her pride,
And then with truthful words replied:
“If thus a little insect thing
Can pain thee with its tiny sting,
How languish, think you, those who smart
Beneath my Cupid’s cruel dart?
How fatal must that poison prove
That rankles on the shafts of Love.”

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE GODS

O'er rolling stars, from heavenly stalls advancing,
The coaches soon were seen, and a long train
Of mules with litters, horses fleet and prancing,
Their trappings all embroidery, nothing plain;
And with fine liveries, in the sunbeams glancing,
More than a hundred servants, rather vain
Of handsome looks and of their stature tall,
Followed their masters to the Council Hall.

First came the Prince of Delos, Phoebus hight,
In a gay travelling carriage, fleetly drawn
By six smart Spanish chestnuts, shining bright,
Which with their tramping shook the aerial lawn;
Red was his cloak, three-cocked his hat, and light
Around his neck the golden fleece was thrown;
And twenty-four sweet damsels, nectar-sippers,
Were running near him in their pumps or slippers.

Pallas, with lovely but disdainful mien,
Came on a nag of Basignanian race;
Tight round her leg, and gathered up, was seen
Her gown, half Greek, half Spanish; o'er her face

Part of her hair hung loose, a natural screen,
Part was tied up, and with becoming grace;
A bunch of feathers on her head she wore,
And on her saddle-bow her falchion bore.

But Ceres and the God of Wine appeared
At once, conversing; and the God of Ocean
Upon a dolphin's back his form upreared,
Floating through waves of air with graceful motion;
Naked, all sea-weed, and with mud besmeared;
For whom his mother Rhea feels emotion,
Reproaching his proud brother, when she meets him,
Because so like a fisherman he treats him.

Diana, the sweet virgin, was not there;
She had risen early and o'er woodland green
Had gone to wash her clothes in fountain fair
Upon the Tuscan shore — romantic scene.
And not returning till the northern star
Had rolled through dusky air and lost its sheen,
Her mother made excuses quite provoking,
Knitting at the time, a worsted stocking.

Juno-Lucina did not go — and why?
She anxious wished to wash her sacred head.
Menippus, Jove's chief taster, standing by
For the disastrous Fates excuses made.
They had much tow to spin, and lint to dry,
And they were also busy baking bread.
The cellarman, Silenus, kept away,
To water the domestics' wine, that day.

On starry benches sit the famous warriors
Of the immortal kingdom, in a ring;

Now drums and cymbals, echoing to the barriers,
 Announce the coming of the gorgeous king;
 A hundred pages, valets, napkin-carriers
 Attend, and their peculiar offerings bring.
 And after them, armed with his club so hard,
 Alcides, captain of the city guard.

With Jove's broad hat and spectacles arrived
 The light-heeled Mercury; in his hand he bore
 A sack, in which, of other means deprived,
 He damned poor mortals' prayers, some million score;
 Those he disposed in vessels, well contrived,
 Which graced his father's cabinet of yore;
 And, wont attention to all claims to pay,
 He regularly signed them twice a day.

Then Jove himself, in royal habit dressed,
 With starry diadem upon his head,
 And o'er his shoulders an imperial vest
 Worn upon holidays. — The king displayed
 A sceptre, pastoral shape, with hooked crest:
 In a rich jacket too was he arrayed,
 Given by the inhabitants of Sericane,
 And Ganymede held up his splendid train.

— A. TASSONI

A MODEL YOUNG LADY OF ANTIQUITY

(Pliny, the Younger, writes the following in a letter relative to the death of Minicia Marcella, the daughter of his friend, Fundanus.)

Tristissimus haec tibi scribo, Fundani nostri filia minore defuncta, qua puella nihil umquam festivius, amabilius, nec modo longiore vita sed prope immortalitate dignius vidi. Nondum annos quattuor decem impleverat, et iam illi anilis prudentia, matronalis gravitas erat, et tamen suavitas puellaris cum virgi-

nali verecundia. Ut illa patris cervicibus inhaerebat! Ut nos amicos paternos et amanter et modeste complectabatur! ut nutrices, ut paedagogos, ut praeceptores, pro suo quemque officio diligebat! quam studiose, quam intellegenter lectitabat! ut parce custoditeque ludebat! Qua illa temperantia, qua patientia, qua etiam constantia novissimam valetudinem tulit! Medicis obsequebatur, sororem, patrem adhortabatur, ipsamque se destitutam corporis viribus vigore animi sustinebat. Duravit hic illi usque ad extremum nec aut spatio valetudinis aut metu mortis infractus est, quo plures gravioresque nobis causas relinquet et desiderii et doloris. O triste plane acerbumque funus! O morte ipsa mortis tempus indignius! Iam destinata erat egregio iuveni, iam electus nuptiarum dies, iam nos vocati. Quod gaudium quo maerore mutatum est! Nec possum exprimere verbis quantum anima vulnus acceperim, cum audivi Fundanum ipsum, praeципientem, quod in vestes margarita gemmas fuerat erogaturus, hoc in tus et unguenta et odores impenderetur.

— C. PLINY. *Epist. v, 16*

TRANSLATION

I have the saddest news to tell you. Our friend Fundanus has lost his youngest daughter. I never saw a girl more cheerful, more lovable, more worthy of long life — nay, of immortality. She had not yet completed her fourteenth year, and she had already the prudence of an old woman, the gravity of a matron, and still, with all maidenly modesty, the sweetness of a girl. How she would cling to her father's neck! how affectionately and discreetly she would greet us, her father's friends! how she loved her nurses, her attendants, her teachers, — everyone according to his service. How earnestly, how intelligently, she used to read! How modest was she and restrained in her sports! And with what self-restraint, what patience — nay, what courage — she bore her last illness! She obeyed the physicians, encouraged her father and sister, and, when all strength of body had left her, kept herself alive by the

vigor of her mind. This vigor lasted to the very end, and was not broken by the length of her illness or by the fear of death; so leaving, alas! to us yet more and weightier reasons for our grief and our regret. Oh the sadness, the bitterness of that death! Oh the cruelty of the time when we lost her, worse even than the loss itself! She had been betrothed to a noble youth; the marriage day had been fixed, and we had been invited. How great a joy changed into how great a sorrow! I cannot express in words how it went to my heart when I heard Fundanus himself (this is one of the grievous experiences of sorrow) giving orders that what he had meant to lay out on dresses, and pearls, and jewels, should be spent on incense, unguents, and spices.

— Tr. ALFRED J. CHURCH

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW

Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantumst hominum venustiorum.
Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
Passer, deliciae meae puellae,
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat:
Nam mellitus erat suamque norat
Ipsa tam bene quam puella matrem,
Nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
Sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
Ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc unde negant redire quemquam.
At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:
Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
O factum male! io miselle passer!
Tua nunc opera meae puellae
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

— CATULLUS

SELECTIONS

TRANSLATION

Each Love, each Venus, mourn with me!
 Mourn, every son of gallantry!
 The sparrow, my own nymph's delight,
 The joy and apple of her sight;
 The honey-bird, the darling dies,
 To Lesbia dearer than her eyes,
 As the fair one knew her mother,
 So he knew her from another.
 With his gentle lady wrestling,
 In her snowy bosom nestling;
 With a flutter and a bound,
 Quiv'ring round her and around;
 Chirping, twitt'ring, ever near,
 Notes meant only for her ear.
 Now he skims the shadowy way,
 Whence none return to cheerful day.
 Beshrew the shades! that thus devour
 All that's pretty in an hour.
 The pretty sparrow thus is dead;
 The tiny fugitive is fled.
 Deed of spite! poor bird! — ah! see,
 For thy dear sake, alas! for me! —
 My nymph with brimful eyes appears,
 Red from the flushing of her tears.

— ELTON

CICERO

The following tribute to Cicero was written by Catullus, the Roman lyric poet (87–54 B.C.)

Disertissime Romuli nepotum,
 Quot sunt quotque fuere, Marce Tulli,
 Quot que post aliis erunt in annis,
 Gratius tibi maximas Catullus

Agit, pessimus omnium poeta,
 Tanto pessimus omnium poeta
 Quanto tu optimus omnium patronum.

TRANSLATION

Tully, most eloquent, most sage
 Of all the Roman race,
 That deck the past or present age,
 Or future days may grace.

Oh! may Catullus thus declare
 An overflowing heart;
 And, though the worst of poets, dare
 A grateful lay impart!

'Twill teach thee how thou hast surpast
 All others in thy line;
 For, far as he in his is last,
 Art thou the first in thine.

— CHARLES LAMB

DE PATIENTIA

Patiendo fit homo melior,
 Auro pulchrior,
 Vitro clarior,
 Laude dignior,
 Gradu altior,
 A vitiis purgatior,
 Virtutibus perfectior,
 Iesu Christo acceptior,
 Sanctis quoque similior,
 Hostibus suis fortior,
 Amicis amabilior.

— THOMAS À KEMPIS

THE FAVORITE PRAYER OF MARY,
QUEEN OF SCOTS¹

O Domine Deus!
Speravi in te;
O care mi Iesu!
Nunc libera me:
In dura catena
In misera poena
Desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberes me!

TRANSLATION

My Lord and my God! I have trusted in Thee;
O Jesus, my Savior belov'd, set me free:
In rigorous chains, in piteous pains,
I am longing for Thee!
In weakness appealing, in agony kneeling,
I pray, I beseech Thee, O Lord, set me free!

ULTIMA THULE

American pride has often gloried in Seneca's "Vision of the West" written more than 1800 years ago.

Venient annis
Saecula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus, Tethysque novos
Detegat orbes, nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.

— SENECA

¹ From the Prayer-book of Queen Mary, and believed to be her composition. Said to have been uttered by the queen just before her execution.

TRANSLATION

A time will come in future ages far
When Ocean will his circling
 bounds unbar,
And, opening vaster to the
 Pilot's hand,
New worlds shall rise, where
 mightier kingdoms are,
Nor Thule longer be
 the utmost land.

THE ROMAN OF OLD

Oh, the Roman was a rogue,
 He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
 And smoked his cigaretum;
He wore a diamond studibus
 And elegant cravatum,
A maxima cum laude shirt
 And such a stylish hattum.

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc,
 And bet on games and equi:
At times he won: at others, though,
 He got it in the nequi.
He winked (quousque tandem?)
 At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
 Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
 At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
 Ten boarders at Memorial:

He often went on sprees,
 And said on starting homus,
 "Hic labor, opus est,
 Oh, where's my hic-haec-domus?"

Although he lived in Rome —
 Of all the arts the middle —
 He was (excuse the phrase)
 A horrid individ'l;
 Ah, what a different thing
 Was the homo (dative homini)
 Of far away B. C.
 From us of Anno Domini!

— *Harvard Lampoon*

ICH BIN DEIN

The *Journal of Education* commends this ingenious poem, written in seven languages — English, French, German, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian — as one of the best specimens of Macaronic verse in existence, and worthy of preservation by all collectors.

In tempus old a hero lived,
Qui loved *puellas deux*;
 He no *pouvait pas* quite to say
 Which one *amabat mieux*.
Dit-il lui-même un beau matin,
 “*Non possum* both *avoir*,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
 Then Kate *y yo* have war.
 Amanda *habet argent coin*,
Sed Kate has *aureas* curls;
Et both *sunt* very *agathæ*
Et quite *formosæ* girls.”
Enfin the *joven anthropos*,
Philoun the *duo maids*,

Resolved *proponere ad Kate*
Devant cet evening's shades,
Procedens then to Kate's *domo*,
Il trouve Amanda there,
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
 Both *sunt* so goodly fair,
Sed smiling on the new *tapis*,
 Between *puellas* twain,
Cæpit to tell *suo* love *a Kate*
Dans un poetique strain.
Mais, glancing ever *et* anon
 At fair Amanda's eyes,
Illæ non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.
 Each *virgo* heard the demi-vow,
Con cheeks as *rouge* as wine,
Ed offering, each, a milk-white hand,
 Both whispered, "*Ich bin dein.*"

MALUM OPUS

Prope ripam fluvii solus
 A senex silently sat;
 Super capitum ecce his wig,
 Et wig super, ecce his hat.

Blew Zephyrus alte, acerbus,
 Dum elderly gentleman sat;
 Et a capite took up quite torve
 Et in rivum projectit his hat.

Tunc soft maledixit the old man,
 Tunc stooped from the bank where he sat,
 Et cum scipio poked in the water,
 Conatus servare his hat.

Blew Zephyrus alte, acerbus,
 The moment it saw him at that;
 Et whisked his novum scratch wig
 In flumen, along with his hat.

Ab imo pectore damnavit,
 In coeruleus eye dolor sat;
 Tunc despairingly threw in his cane,
 Nare cum his wig and his hat.

L'Envoi

Contra bonos mores, don't swear
 It est wicked you know (verbum sat)
 Si this tale habet no other moral
 Mehercle! You're gratus to that.

— JAMES A. MORGAN

FELIS

A cat sedebat on our fence
 As lacta as could be;
 Her vox surgebat to the skies,
 Canebat merrily.

My clamor was of no avail,
 Tho' clare did I cry.
 Consperit me with mild reproof,
 And winked her alter eye.

Quite vainly ieci boots, a lamp,
 Some bottles and a book;
 Ergo, I seized my pistol, et
 My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi, "Ye gods,
 May I that felis kill!"

Quamquam I took six of her lives
The other three sang still.

The felis sang with major vim,
Though man's aim was true,
Conatus sum, putare quid
In tonitru I'd do.

A scheme advenit in my head
Scivi, 'twould make her wince —
I sang! Et then the hostis fled
Non eam vidi since.

— *Tennessee University Magazine*

AMANTIS RES ADVERSAE

A homo ibat, one dark night
Puellas visitare
Et mansit there so very late
Ut illi constet cura.

Pueri walking by the house
Saw caput in fenestra,
Et sunt morati for a while
To see quis erat in there.

Soon caput turned its nasum round
In viam puerorum;
Agnoscunt there the pedagogue,
Oh! maximum pudorem!

Progressus puer to the door
Cum magna quietate,
Et turned the key to lock him in
Moratus satis ante.

SELECTIONS

Tum pedagogue arose to go
Est feeling hunky-dore:
Sed non potest to get out
Nam key's outside the fore.

Ascendit sweetheart now the stairs
Cum festinato pede,
Et roused puellas from their sleep
Sed habent non the door key.

Tum excitavit dominum
By her tumultuous voce
Insanus currit to the door
Et vidit puellam.

“Furenti place,” the master roared,
“Why spoil you thus my somnum?
Exite from the other door
Si rogues have locked the front one.”

Puella tristis hung her head
And took her lover's manum,
Et cite from the other door
His caput est impulsum.

Cum magno gradu redit domum
Retrorsum umquam peeping,
Et never ausus est again
Vexare people's sleeping.

PUER EX JERSEY

Puer ex Jersey
Iens ad school;
Vidit in meadow,
Infestum mule.

Ille approaches
O magnus sorrow!
Puer it skyward
Funus TOMORROW.

Moral

Qui vidit a thing
Non ei well-known
Est bene for him
Id relinqu alone.

— *Anonymous*

**SONGS THAT MAY BE USED
FOR THE PROGRAMS**

FLEVIT LEPUS PARVULUS

16th Century Student Song



1. Fle - vit le - pus par - vu - lus cla-mans al - tis vo - ci - bus :
2. Ne - que in hor - to fu - i, ne - que o - lus co - me - di.
3. Lon - gas au - res ha - be - o, bre-vem cau-dam te - ne - o.
4. Le - ves pe - des ha - be - o, mag-num sal - tum fa - ci - o.
5. Do - mus me - a sil - va est, lec - tus me - us du - rus est.



Quid fe - ci ho - mi - ni - bus, quod me se-quun-tur ca - ni - bus ?



Quid fe - ci ho - mi - ni - bus, quod me se-quun-tur ca - ni - bus ?



CARMEN VITÆ.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, 1839, English

B. L. D'OOGHE, 1885, Latin F. H. BARTHÉLÉMON, 1741-1808

1. Ne nar - ra - te ver - bis mæ - stis, Es - se
 3. Ned læ - ti - ti - a, nec mæ - ror, Fi - nis
 5. Or - bis ter - ræ cam - po in la - to, In - æ -
 7. Sum - mi nos ad - mo - nent om - nes Si - mus
 9. A - gi - te, tum nos ni - ta - mur Quid - quid

vi - tam som-ni - um! Vi - ta nam in - ers est in -
 de - sig - na - tus est; Sed au - ge - re, est no - ster
 ta - tis prœ - li - is, Mu - tum pe - cus tur - pe
 in - ter no - bi - lis, Et le - ge - mus, dis - ce -
 e - rit, for - ti - ter, Su - per - an - tes iam se -

a - nis, Et est vi - sum per - fi - dum.
 la - bor, Sem - per rem quæ no - bis est.
 ne es - to! He - ros es - to in co - pi - is!
 den - tes, Sig - na vi - æ po - sta - ris;
 qua - mur Pa - ti - en - ter, a - cri - ter.

SONGS

127

GAUDEAMUS

Moderato

I. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;



Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

*TUTTI*

Post ju-cun-dam ju - ven-tu-tem, Post mo - les-tam se - nec-tu-tem,



Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha-be - bit hu - mus.



GAUDEAMUS

Gaudeamus igitur,
Iuvenes dum sumus;
Post iucundam iuventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venis mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles formosae;
Vivant et mulieres,
Dulces et amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae.

Vivat et res publica,
Et qui illam regit.

Vivat nostra civitas,
Maezentum caritas,
Quae nos hic protegit.

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius
Atque irrisores.

TRANSLATION

While the glowing hours are bright,
Let not sadness mar them,
For when age shall rifle youth,
And shall drive our joys unsooth,
Then the grave will bar them.

Where are those who from the world
Long ago departed!
Scale Olympus' lofty height —
See grim Hades' murky night —
There are the great hearted.

Mortal life is but a span,
That is quickly fleeting;
Cruel death comes on apace
And removes us from the race,
None with favor treating.

Long may this fair temple stand,
Nassau now and ever!
Long may her professors grace
Each his own time honored place,
Friendship failing never.

May our charming maidens live,
Matchless all in beauty,
May our blooming matrons long
Be the theme of grateful song,
Patterns bright of duty.

May our Union grow in strength,
Faithful rulers guiding;
In the blaze of Freedom's light
Where the genial arts are bright,
Find we rest abiding.

Out on sighing! Vanish hate,
And ye friends of sadness;
To his chill abode of woe,
Let the dread Philistine go,
Who would steal our gladness.

— Tr. J. A. PEARCE, JR.

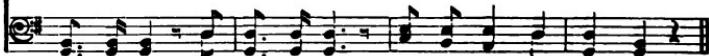
LAURIGER HORATIUS.



I. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum!



Fu - git Eu - ro - ci - ti - us, Tem-pus e - dax re - rum!



CHORUS



U - bi sunt O poc - u - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,



Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.



LAURIGER HORATIUS

Lauriger Horatius,
 Quam dixisti verum!
 Fugit Euro citius
 Tempus edax rerum.

Chorus

Ubi sunt, O pocula,
 Dulciora melle,
 Rixae, pax, et oscula
 Rubentis puellae?

Crescit uva molliter,
 Et puella crescit,
 Sed poeta turpiter
 Sitiens canescit.

Quid iuvat aeternitas
 Nominis, amare
 Nisi terrae filias
 Licet, et potare?

TRANSLATION

Horace, crowned with laurels bright,
 Truly thou hast spoken;
 Time outspeeds the swift winds' flight,
 Earthly power is broken.

Chorus

Give me cups that foaming rise,
 Cups with fragrance laden,
 Pouting lips and smiling eyes,
 Of a blushing maiden.

Blooming grows the budding vine,
 And the maid grows blooming;
 But the poet quaffs not wine,
 Age is surely dooming.

Who would grasp at empty fame?
 'Tis a fleeting vision;
 But for love and wine we claim,
 Sweetness all Elysian.

— Tr. J. A. PEARCE, JR.

AMERICA

This singable Latin translation of America was made by Professor George D. Kellogg of Union College and appeared in *The Classical Weekly*.

Te cano, Patria,
 candida, libera;
 te referet
 portus et exulum
 et tumulus senum;
 libera montium
 vox resonet.

Te cano, Patria,
 semper et atria
 ingenuum;
 laudo virentia
 culmina, flumina;
 sentio gaudia
 caelicolum.

Sit modulatio!
 libera natio
 dulce canat!

labra vigentia,
ora faventia,
saxa silentia
 vox replete!

Tutor es unicus,
unus avum deus!
 Laudo libens.
Patria luceat,
libera fulgeat,
vis tua muniat,
 Omnipotens!

INTEGER VITÆ.

1. In - te - ger vi - ta e scel - e - ris - que
 2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu -

pu - rus Non e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
 o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in hos - pit -

ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa -
 a - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fab - u -

git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
 lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

INTEGER VITAE

HORACE. BOOK I, ODE xxii

Integer vitae, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis grava sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

Sive per Syrtes, iter aestuosa,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iuppiter urget;

Pone sub curru nimium propinquui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

TRANSLATION

Fuscus, the man of life upright and pure
Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor
Nor arrows tipped with venom deadly-sure,
Loading his quiver.

Whether o'er Afric's burning sand he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.

Place me where no life-laden summer breeze
 Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees;
 Where clouds oppress, and withering tempests' breeze
 From shore to shore.

Place me beneath the sunbeams' fiercest glare,
 On arid sands, no dwelling anywhere,
 Still Lalage's sweet smile, sweet voice *'en there*
 I will adore.

— TR. WILLIAM GREENWOOD

ROCK OF AGES

Iesu, pro me perforatus,
 Condai intra tuum latus,
 Tu per lympham profuentem,
 Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
 In peccata mi redunda,
 Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec iustus forem,
 Quamvis tota vi laborem.
 Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
 Fletu stillans indefesso:
 Tibi soli tantum munus:
 Salva me, Salvator unus!

Nil in manu mecum fero
 Sed me versus crucem gero;
 Vestimenta nudus oro,
 Opem debilis imploro;
 Fontem Christi quaero immundus,
 Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;
 Quando nox sepulchro tegit;

Mortuos cum stare iubes;
 Sedens iudex inter nubes;
 Iesu, pro me perforatus,
 Condar intra tuum latus.

— TOPLADY. Tr. by GLADSTONE

*DIES IRAE*¹

Dies irae, dies illa.
 Solvet saeclum in favilla,
 Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
 Quando iudex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
 Per sepultra regionum,
 Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
 Cum resurget creatura
 Iudicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
 Inquo totum continetur,
 Unde mundus iudicetur.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quidquid latet, apparebit,
 Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
 Quem patronum rogaturus,
 Cum vix iustus sit securus?

¹ "This marvelous hymn is the acknowledged masterpiece of Latin poetry, and the most sublime of all uninspired hymns." — SCHAEFF.

Rex tremendae maiestatis,
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
 Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Iesu pie,
 Quod sum causa tuae viae;
 Ne me perdas illa die!

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
 Redemisti crucem passus:
 Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Iuste iudex ultioris,
 Donum fac remissionis
 Ante diem rationis!

— THOMAS OF CELANO

TRANSLATION

Day of Wrath, — that Day of Days, —
 When earth shall vanish in a blaze,
 As David, with the Sibyl, says!

What a trembling will come o'er us,
 When the Judge shall be before us,
 For every hidden sin to score us!

The trumpet with its wondrous sound,
 Piercing each sepulchral mound,
 Shall summon all, the throne around.

Nature and death will stand agast,
 When those who to the grave have past,
 Come answering to the judgment blast!

The Written Book shall be unrolled,
Wherein the deeds of all are told,
And shall the doom of all unfold.

For when the Judge shall be enthroned,
No secret shall be left unowned,
No crime or trespass unatoned.

When for a guilty wretch like me,
What plea, what pleader, will there be,
When scarcely shall the just go free!

King of tremendous majesty,
Whose grace saves all who saved may be,
Fountain of mercy, oh save me!

Forget not then, dear Son of God,
For my sake Thou thy way hast trod,
Nor let me sink beneath thy rod.

Yes, me to save Thou sat'st in pain,
Nor didst the bitter Cross disdain,—
Let not such anguish be in vain!

Unerring Judge, thy wrath restrain,
And let my sins remission gain,
While still the days of grace remain.

— Tr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP

AD SANCTUM SPIRITUS¹

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
 Et emitte coelitus
 Lucis tuae radium.
 Veni, pater pauperum,
 Veni, dator munerum,
 Veni, lumen cordium;

O lux beatissima,
 Reple cordis intima
 Tuorum fidelium!
 Sine tuo numine
 Nihil est in homine,
 Nihil est innoxium.

Da tuis fidelibus
 In te confitentibus
 Sacrum septenarium;
 Da virtutis meritum,
 Da salutis exitum,
 Da perenne gaudium!

TRANSLATION

Holy Spirit, come, we pray
 Shed from Heaven thine inward ray,
 Kindle darkness into day.
 Come, Thou Father of the poor,
 Come, Thou source of all our store,
 Light of hearts forevermore.

¹ Ascribed to Innocent III, Robert II, of France, and others. Ranks second to *Dies Irae* among the Great Hymns. Can be sung to the tune of *Rock of Ages*.

Light most blissful! Fire divine!
 Fill, oh! fill these hearts of Thine!
 On our inmost being shine.
 If in Thee it be not wrought
 All in men is simply naught,
 Nothing pure in deed and thought.

On the faithful who confide,
 Solely in Thyself as guide,
 Let Thy sevenfold gifts abide.
 Grant them virtue's full increase,
 Grant them safe and sweet release,
 Grant them everlasting peace!

ADESTES, FIDELES

A Christmas Hymn

Adeste, fideles,
 Laeti, triumphantes,
 Venite, venite in Bethlehem:
 Natum videte
 Regem Angelorum:

Chorus

Venite adoremus,
 Venite adoremus,
 Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
 Lumen de lumine,
 Gestant puellae viscera:
 Deum verum,
 Genitum non factum:

Cantet nunc Io
 Chorus Angelorum,
 Cantet nunc aula caelestium:
 Gloria in
 Excelsis Deo:

 Ergo qui natus
 Die hodierna
 Iesu, tibi sit gloria:
 Patris aeterni
 Verbum caro factum.

TRANSLATION

O come, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant,
 O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
 Come and behold him.
 Born, the King of Angels;
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
 Light of Light,
 Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
 Very God,
 Begotten, not created;
 O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing choirs of Angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above:
 "Glory to God
 In the highest";
 O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning;
 Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing;
 O come, let us adore Him, etc.

*DE NATIVITATE DOMINI*¹

Puer natus in Bethlehem
 Unde gaudet Ierusalem

Hic iacet in praesepio,
 Qui regnat sine termino.

Cognovit bos et asinus
 Quod puer erat Dominus.

Reges de Saba veniunt,
 Aurum, thus, myrrham offerunt.

Intrantes domum invicem
 Novum salutant Principem.

De matre natus virgine
 Sine virile semine;

Sine serpentis vulnere
 De nostro venit sanguine;

In carne nobis similis,
 Peccato sed dissimilis;

¹ This may be sung to the tune of Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Ut redderet nos homines
Deo et sibi similes

In hoc natali gaudio
Benedicamus Domino.

Laudetur sancta Trinitas;
Deo dicamus gratias.

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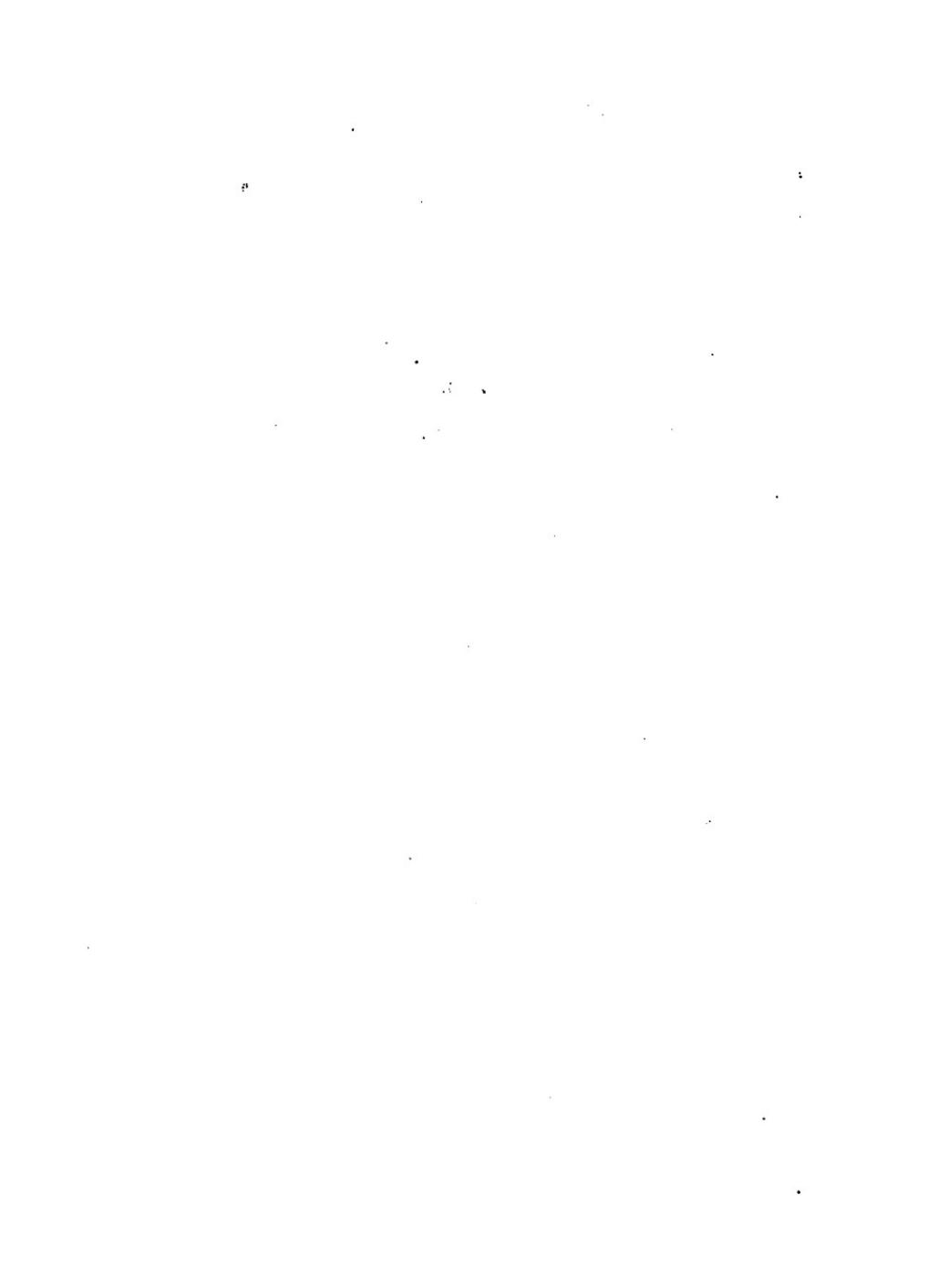
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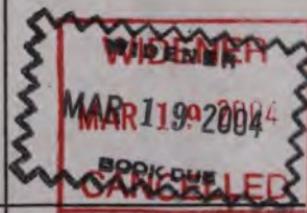
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